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WITH COURAGE & FAITH

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THE LATE
Mr. P. K. MAHADEVAN, M.A.

Editorial.

Sitting down to write the Editorial for this number of the Miscellaney we cannot help wishing that it had been given to us to do it in another mood and in less painful circumstances. For there are times in this precarious life of ours, when we would only bow our heads in reverence and hold our peace. But the hand of death has lain so heavy on us during the period under review, that we cannot allow the names of the departed to pass by without paying them "the tribute of a sigh" at least to ease our pain.

It was in a gloom still lingering over us, caused by the tragic death of one of our promising students, R. V. Ramanan of IV Hons. Class, in the tank, that the University broke up at the end of last year. The calamity came on us so suddenly in the early hours of a Sunday morning that it was sometime before we realized what had happened. Gentle, and retiring by nature, Ramanan was one of those speechless influenes that make for the charm and wholesomeness of corporate life. Our hearts go out in sympathy to his young widow and to the other members of the stricken family.

It was in a deeper gloom that the University re-assembled on the 29th June, 1931, after the summer vacation, to mourn the loss of two members of the teaching staff, Prof. P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar and Mr. P. K. Mahadevan who had passed away during the vacation.

The death of Prof. P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar has deprived the University of a venerable figure and an

able scholar. Having laboured in other fields for the greater part of his life as Principal of Mrs. A. V. N. College, Vizagapatam, and Reader in Indian History in the Madras University, he came to us in his mature years happy as a reaper bringing home his sheaves. His appointment as Professor of Indian History kindled the hope that under his guidance it might be possible to found a school of Indian History which would give an added distinction to the University. To this end he laboured with untiring energy, in spite of bodily infirmities ; but to our great regret he passed away even while he was engaged on the publication of his monagraph on Bhoja Raja, which the authorities had approved of.

Of his eminence as a historian we do not feel confident to speak; his books speak for themselves. But more than the scholar, it is the man we should like to emphasise here. None who have known him can forget his genial ways, his store of anecdotes, his gift of speech, and spontaneous good humour which made him a delightful figure at all social functions. He was one of those rare spirits which age can touch but cannot wither.

His death has left a gap which it would be difficult to fill. We can but express the hope that the good work begun by him will be carried on with greater vigour by his successors.

By the untimely death of Mr. P. K. Mahadevan in the most painful circumstances, the University has lost a youthful and friendly member of the staff. In the short space of two years that we were privileged to have

him with us, as Lecturer in Economics and Sub-Wardan of the hostel, he had won the regard and good-will of his colleages and students alike by his devotion to duty and his remarkable patience.

We grieve over the loss we have sustained and desire to convey our condolences to the members of the bereaved families.

It is with deep regret that we record another bereavement in the sudden death of the first child of Prof. and Mrs. Khadye, which took place, during the Michaelmas holidays. Though coming from a different province Prof. and Mrs. Khadye have become a part of us that we are at a loss to express our feelings to them. While we mourn with them we also pray that the ever-lasting arms may sustain them in the hour of their grief.

* * * * *

During the temporary absence of our Vice-Chancellor in Europe, Prof. K. M. Khadye officiated as the Vice-Chancellor. We take this occasion to tender our congratulations to him on the successful manner in which he administered the affairs of the University when work was heaviest, in addition to his duties as professor.

* * * * *

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S RETURN.

With great joy we extend our respectful greetings to our beloved Vice-Chancellor on his safe return from his European tour as the representative of our University at the Empire Universities' Congress held at Edinburgh last July. The lusty welcome accorded to him at the station on his arrival, is proof of the eagerness with which he was awaited and of our pride in having as our head, one who has served with distinction the cause of Indian Universities and of the Indian student in Great Britain. We offer our congratulations to him on the splendid stand he took for a better recognition in Great Britain of the degrees conferred by Indian Universities, and for the removal of the social disabilities under which the Indian students have been labouring. We are confident that his noble labours will yield lasting benefits.

THE FOUNDER'S DAY.

Amidst great rejoicing the Founder's Day was celebrated on the 12th October, under the distinguished presidentship of Mr. M. Ratnaswamy, M.A., C.I.E., Member of the Madras Services Commission. His presidential speech was so thoughtful and inspiring that we beg leave to reproduce here a part of his speech. "This celebration is called for not only by the gratitude for the great founder of the University, Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiyar, but also by a duty which the teachers, students and all others connected with the University owe to themselves to celebrate the name and the work of the founder year after year. For it is a well-known fact that one cannot respect oneself if one does not

respect others. It is by respecting others, by respecting the rights of others, the duty which we owe to others, the obligations which we have to fulfil towards others, that we can respect ourselves. Therefore it is very gratifying to find that in the celebration of the Founder's Day students, have, year after year, taken an enthusiastic part. It is not merely by attending the Founder's Day meeting in full force and applauding the praises uttered on that occasion that students and teachers of the University can show their respect and gratitude towards the Founder. It is only by action, by action in their daily lives, that they can evince that gratitude and respect. They should try their best to realise in their ordinary University life the great ideals of the founder.

I hope and trust that this University will become a great centre of Indian learning. It is a very common error to think that a University should be a centre of all knowledge. Knowledge is good, it is well and proper that a University should provide for instruction in all branches of knowledge ; but I think that every University trying to attain perfection by providing instruction in all branches of knowledge will lead only to waste of wealth and effort. In this great city of Hindu life and activity I hope that a great centre of Indian learning will be established. This University has been established, figuratively speaking, under the very shadow of the great temple which dominates the city of Chidambaram. Therefore, I expect that a great school of Hindu philosophy will grow up within the walls of this University, a school which will set forth the principles of philosophy and culture adapted to modern circumstances and

conditions. I hope also that a great school of South Indian History will spring up in this University. It is in these directions, it seems to me the that the Annamalai University should develop so that students from all parts of India, if they want enlightenment on Hindu philoso-phy or Hindu culture or on South Indian History, they come to this University, and having acquired all that the University has been able to provide them, may go out and spread the light of learning of the University in all parts of India.

It is in this way that they can repay their debt of gratitude and duty to the great founder of the University. It is only then that they will be worthy of his generosity and magnanimity in having established this University."

The address on the occasion was delivered by Mr. S. Satyamurthi. Mr. Satyamurti went a step further and suggested that five schools of learning, viz., Tamil, Sanscrit, South Indian History, Indian Economics and Mathematics may be built up in this University. To these he would add the cultivation of South Indian Music, and arts in general. In this connexion, our readers would recall the passionate plea that Sir M. Visveswariah made on a similar occasion last year, for the introduction of Technology as one of the courses of study.

We dare say that these three who have expressed their views on this matter do not by any means exhaust the list of those who are competent to speak on it. But the suggestions are so numerous and so varied that we

confess that we cannot see the wood for the trees. While there is a general anxiety in the minds of all who are interested in the University that it should have a distinct stamp in order to justify itself, a great deal of disagreement seems to exist in regard to the exact image and superscription that it shall bear. We have already expressed our views on the subject of Technology, in our Editorial of the first number of last year and we are glad to note that since then a great body of opinion has grown up against its premature introduction, specially in view of the present state of the University's finances. At all events, we feel that in the interests of the University the present state of uncertainty should speedily cease and its character should be more clearly defined.

After the public meeting the guests and students adjourned to a sumptuous tea in the University lawn, and the celebrations of the day were brought to a magnificent close with the enactment of 'Ramdas,' by the members of the University Dramatic Club.

PRIZE WINNERS.

The following is the list of prize winners for the year 1930-31:—

English Elocution Prize (Senior) :	T. A. Subramanyam.
,, ,, (Junior) :	S. Ganapathy Subramanyam.
Tamil Elocution :	V. N. Ramaswamy.
Intermediate English Prize :	N. Krishnamurthy.
,, Arts subjects :	C. Jaganathachari.
,, Science subjects :	T. S. Jaya Raman.

B.A. (Hons.) Preliminary Prize :	K. Karunakara Menon.
V. Venugopala Chettiar Essay Prize:	G. Narayana Swamy.
Tamil Essay Prize :	M. Ahmad.
Oriental Titles. Siromani Prize :	E. Balakrishna Dikshidar.
Oriental Titles. Vidwan Prize :	G. Rangaswamy Iyengar.

We heartily congratulate these on their success.

THE CONVOCATION.

The first annual Convocation of the University was held in the Assembly hall on Tuesday the 27th October, at 8 a. m. His Excellency, Sir George Stanley, the Chancellor presided. The taste with which the hall was decorated and the solemn air that prevailed throughout, made the ceremony exceedingly picturesque and imposing. 24 took their degrees in person, and 4 *in absentia*.

The following were the prize winners whom we heartily congratulate:—

Mr. S. V. Govindachari : The Founder's prize in Mathematics.

Mr. P. S. Varadachari : The Founder's prize in Physics.

Mr. K. V. Rajagopalan : The Founder's prize in English and the Rao Bahadur S.E. Runganathan prize.

Mr. R. Venkatasubban : The Founder's prize in Chemistry

Mr. R. R. Natarajan : The Founder's prize in Philosophy.

Mr. K. S. Natesan : The Founder's prize in Economics and the Alladi Krishnaswami Ayyar Medal.

After the degrees had been conferred, Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganathan, the Vice-Chancellor of the University delivered the Convocation Address, which appears to lay down the policy of this University. For students who could not be accommodated in the hall, special arrangements were made in another part of the building. The speech was broadcast, and the arrangements proved entirely successful.

As the address of the Vice-Chancellor is reproduced in almost all the Madras Dailies and as we think that it must be read as a whole, we do not extract any part of it in this place, but we would certainly ask all our students and all those who are interested in higher education to ponder over it carefully.

In the afternoon the Vice-Chancellor was 'at home' to the guests and to the graduates of the year, and the Founder was 'at home' to the students of the University. On the following morning, the Staff Club entertained the new graduates at breakfast in the Oriental block.

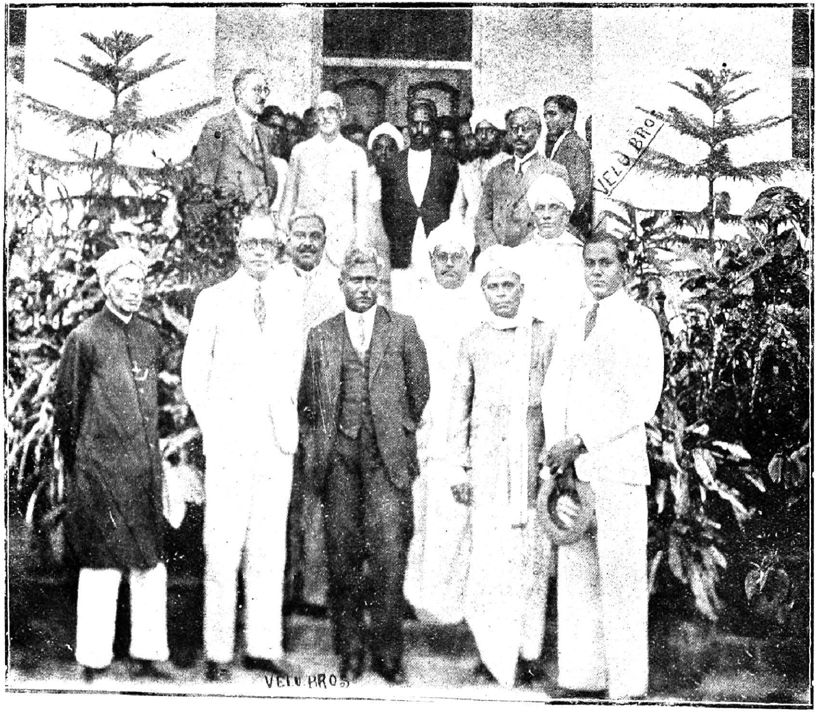
UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

The University conducted its first examination last March. The results are as follows : Of the 118 who were sent up for the Intermediate Examination 51 passed completely, 2 in first class. 48 appeared for the B.A. Examination and 31 passed, 5 securing second class in Part I and 13 in Part II. 51 sat for the B.A. (Hons.)

Preliminary Examination and 45 passed. In the Vidwan Preliminary Examination 15 were successful of the 20 that appeared. In the Siromani Preliminary Examination 11 were sent up and 9 passed.

* * * * *

May we invite the attention of the students to the fact that the Miscellany is primarily their concern and it is in their hands to make it either a first rate Journal or a third rate College Magazine. It is quite possible that many a student wishing to contribute to the Miscellany feels that it is not in him to write anything that might be indubitably acceptable. We would like, however, to emphasise that so long as the Editors are prepared to read all sorts of articles good, bad and indifferent that are handed over to them there is no reason why any student should not take the chance of giving some shape to his feelings or ideas. Failures are but stepping stones to success and if a student finds one or two of his articles rejected, he would most probably succeed on the third occasion. As we have already said in an earlier issue we do not expect any research articles from the students. But young men wide awake must have some feelings and some ideas which they can clothe in artistic expression. We hope our invitation does not fall on deaf ears.



THE FOUNDER'S DAY GROUP.

J. M. Barrie.

Barrie's plays are full of action. He is no reformer, no leader of movements, no propagandist. He is a writer of the practical theatres, and his plays are written only for production. Hence they are effects of pure action. His characters are not mere pen and ink creations having their existence only in the author's imagination, nor are they embodiments or symbols of certain abstract ideas. He does not look upon men and women as mere thought machines or animated ideas. It is true that his characters are not always the sort of persons we meet with every day in the street. Crichton, for instance, is a very unusual type of butler. But Barrie's insight into human nature is profound. His characters were very real to him and hence they capture us also almost instantly. How completely he identified himself with his creations is evident from his own words: "It is my contemptible weakness, that if I say a character smiled vacuously, I must smile vacuously; if he frowns or leers, I frown or leer; if he is coward and given to contortions, I cringe or twist my legs until I have to stop writing to undo the knot. I bow with him, eat with him, and gnaw my moustache with him. If the character be a lady, with an exquisite laugh, I suddenly terrify you by laughing exquisitely. One reads of the astounded versatility of an actor who is stout and lean on the same evening, but what is he to the novelist who is a dozen persons within the hour? Morally, I fear, we must deteriorate; but that is a subject I may wisely edge away from."

His enormous sympathy with his characters has enabled him to produce such pathetic and touching persons as Mrs. Dowey in "The Old Lady Shows her Medals" and the poor Chimney sweep in "A Kiss for Cinderella." It is especially to his heroines that he is most sympathetic. His female characters with few exceptions are womanhood at its best, and to the sex as a whole he gives more honour than may, perhaps, be willingly granted them by many. Of the women of his plays, he has something interesting to tell us. "The characters we think we create—that must be the most comic word in an author's vocabulary. Heroine's are the worst ones—patient and pleasant until they get into their books, and then you are a lucky author if you know them by sight a week after. You may have taken the greatest care and pains with a woman and then you find her being quite civil to her father. It is so dampering. You want her to be a real woman...... In my note books all my women are real women so long as they are just in the note books—tremendously determined to tell everything about themselves, to inquire into themselves, to cut themselves open. But it would scarify you if you knew the things I intended my heroines to say. But they utterly turn away from me and remain that ghastly word respectable. It is not that I don't know about women—heavens, no. Some one who has not written novels might say 'Why don't you lasso them out of your pages?' My good man, do you think I have not tried?"

One important respect in which the plays of to-day differ from those of earlier times is in the matter of

stage directions. In the Greek and early English dramas, owing to the simplicity of the stage and perhaps of the characters, mere suggestions were considered sufficient for the director. The fact that plays were written only for the purpose of acting also rendered such simple directions adequate. But, of late, the improvements in stage machinery, the more complex settings and subtler characters, as well as the fashion of issuing the plays in book form, necessitated more elaborate stage directions. The dramatists felt the need of amplifying and expounding. Ibsen was among the first to do this. Shaw followed in his footsteps and went further. He complains that Ibsen gives the reading public "very little more than the technical memorandum required by the carpenter, the gas man and the prompter", and that "the resultant mysteriousness of effect, enchanting though it may be, is produced at the cost of intellectual obscurity. Ibsen interrogated as to his meaning, replies, What I have said, I have said'. Precisely, but the point is that what he hasn't said he hasn't said". When Shaw published his first two volumes, he says "nobody dreamed of reading plays which were usually printed in acting editions only, with frankly technical stage directions, very useful to producers, but utterly destructive to the imagination of a reader". So Shaw was compelled to "make people read" his plays, and he carried the habit of the author's interposition to an extreme. He gives long and detailed descriptions of the stage setting, the characters, their appearance, dress and states of mind which, besides their intrinsic value, help us to a better

appreciation of the play. Shaw occasionally interpolates suggestions and explanations which are quite irrelevant and entirely outside the domain of the playwright. (The same cannot, however, be said of his latest play "Apple Cart" where he observes greater restraint than usual.)

The literary merit, the whimsical charm and the personal intimacy of the stage directions of Barrie make them superior to those of Shaw or Barker. The scrupulous care with which Barrie wrote his stage directions accounts for the long interval between the date of acting and the date of publication of his plays. "The Admirable Crichton", for example, was brought out for the reading public only in 1915 though it was acted as early as 1902. Barrie felt that a play loses much of its beauty when it is merely read, and in order to convey to the reader an adequate impression, he supplies the deficiency of the setting, the dresses and the whole life and movement of the stage by means of elaborate stage-directions. In this he has been so succesful that it is to be doubted whether the imaginative reader loses much by not seeing the plays on the stage. This practice, however, has been condemned by Professor Nicoll as a "too fatally easy device" which would lead the play away from the theatre. But as Barrie's plays have been successfully acted before publication and as by this device of narrative setting he has been able to reach a far larger audience, the frequent and rather elaborate interpolation of description and character is certainly justifiable. The spirit in which the

play is conceived is admirably set forth in these narrative settings. Thus Barrie very successfully impresses upon the readers his purpose of satirising the leisured classes in "Admirable Crichton" by the opening description of Ernest Woolley. The picture of the young Oxford man in "Rosalind" is equally remarkable. Barrie was quite conscious of the liberties he was taking. In "Alice sit by the Fire", in an elaborate confession to the reader he says "....in a play we must tell little that is not revealed by the spoken words; you must ferret out all you want to know from them, although of course now and then we may whisper a conjecture in brackets; there is no weather even in plays except in melodrama; the novelists can have sixteen chapters about the hero's grand-parents, but there can be very little rummaging in the past for us; we are expected merely to present our characters as they toe the mark; then the handkerchief falls, and off they go. But Barrie was no stickler for this etiquette, and the result is that he has created a new form of literature, half novel and half drama.

Reference has already been made to Barrie's greatness as a technician. In sheer cleverness of stage handling he reminds us of Sheridan and Wilde. The comedy of confusion arising from the complete misunderstanding among the actors, with the audience in full possession of the truth, is managed with consummate skill by Barrie in "Alice sit by the Fire" and "Quality Street", which can, in this respect, claim favourable comparison with "The School for Scandal" and "Lady Wintermere's Fan".

Again, Barrie is, like Synge, one of the few dramatists who have been equally successful in the full-length as in the one-act play. The purpose of a one-actor is "to produce a single dramatic effect with the greatest economy of means that is consistent with the utmost emphasis", and this is what Barrie has so eminently achieved in the many short plays he has written. The superior unity and economy so essential to this form of drama are seen everywhere. Witness "Half an Hour". It is impossible to conceive of a play where condensation can go further without detriment to the dramatic effect. No word is wasted, no detail given but has a definite purpose to serve, no unnecessary characters introduced, and the total impression produced is so profound. "The Twelve Pound Look", "Old Friends", "Half an Hour", "Seven Women", are unquestionably among the greatest one-act plays in the English language.

Barrie's plays, many of them, are slices of life, shows of this world. He understands human nature, he represents it in action and conversation. He has enormous sympathy with his characters, with the world in general. He loves men, women and children, but in him Love is not blind, so that he gives no pictures not only of their nobility, but of their follies, their vanity, and their sordidness also. Barrie is frankly satirical in many of his plays. "The Admirable Crichtion" is a satirical portrait of May-fair life, "The Twelve-Pound book" of a successful vain business man. But in his satirical pictures there is no touch of malice, no trace of venom, no flavour of superiority.

He does not rail, but he laughs at and with his victims; he is no passionate moral reformer burning with indignation against the wrongs of the world, no fervent crusader dedicating his life to bring the Kingdom of God on earth, but he is a kindly observer, a genial friend, who likes you and tries to mock you, sometimes sneer you out of your pettiness, your vanity and your whimsicalities.

Hence it is that he is most humorous when he is most satirical. And with his laughter he combines a delicate and tender sentiment and touching pathos which give an antique charm to some of his characters, e.g., the two sisters in "Quality Street." In some of his plays, however, the playful or the pathetic elements are supreme and the satirical element is absent. "Peter Pan", "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" and the best parts of " A Kiss for Cinderella " are the best examples in this kind. But though these plays have been applauded by the public, critics have described them as mawkish and grotesquely exaggerated, having no verisimilitude to actual life and experience. This criticism is indeed true of a large number of the plays he has put on the stage, and he has shown a becoming sense of discrimination in refusing to bring them out in book form. But at his best he is a master of exquisite sensibility and tender pathos. Among his contemporaries he is supreme as a writer of sentimental comedy and as a technician. His fashion of combined sentiment and laughter, his enormous sympathy with his characters his satirical humour—these assure him an eminent place among the modern English dramatists.

K. P. K. MENON.

The Convert.

It was evening in the village of Anangapur in North Bengal. An unruffled calm had settled on the peaceful skirts of the village. There was a dignity and majesty in the scene which was irresistible. Gently she gazed down the meandering path below the hill, and as she looked in the hazy twilight, an expression of ineffable sweetness came upon her. Every sentient being of the place was alive to the soft aroma of the evening; but in her it produced a tremor, a vibration of the soul which permeated every fibre of her being. She had a thoughtful, pensive look, which gave place to one of anxiety as the minutes passed and the shades of night were fast advancing. She rose from her seat, an even piece of stone, and began pacing down the slope of the hill rather impatiently. Suddenly she stopped.

"Can it be that he will not come to-day? No, no—Kishan Kumar is not the man to disappoint me. And yet—what is the matter with him? It must be seven now in the village and I must hasten home.... What can it be today? Or" and she started as she thought to herself, "has the wrong turn happened? Has he got into that bloody scrape?"

For several days and on several occasions had Santa tried to persuade the erring Kumar about the efficacy of non-violence as a political weapon. Already the political firmament had been becoming cloudy, and there was no knowing when the storm would come. What was the use of resorting to violence when the

whole nation was weak and defenceless? "No", she had told him, "It will never do—this cult of revolutionary ideals. I tell you, it will land you and the nation in disaster". But Kishan Kumar had stood firm as a rock, as adamant. Non-violence, to him, was the weapon of the weak, the desperate—the last feeble stroke of a fallen hand. Kishan Kumar had, accordingly, joined a band of zealous youths sworn to the cult of violence, and in spite of the persuasions of his love, in spite of tears, of eloquent speeches, he had dedicated himself to the pursuit of the revolutionary ideals of his band.

A rustling of leaves, and the sound of footsteps interrupted the current of her thought. A woodland lad swept past her hurriedly down to the village. There was silence once more as the throbbing of his steps died away in the distance.

There are moments of tense expectation in one's life when every passing wind or every rustling leaf seems to speak of the arrival of the expected one. The wish is father to the thought, and so it was now to Santa. Her whole mind was now filled with one burning theme. The blast of the wind and the swaying of the trees only kindled her anxious mind to a vivid glow, and as disappointment followed suit, left repentant ashes in its train.

But presently Kishan Kumar appeared. He stepped forward from a bush and stood in front of her. "Santa!" he whispered, "Am I very late, dear?"

A tall, slim, young man he was with a lofty forehead and piercing eyes. Rich black moustaches lent a dignity to his severe countenance, and gave it the look of a soldier. His chin spoke of determination. His features could not be called beautiful nor even handsome. They were bold and severe in expression—even harsh. But there was something in his carriage and deportment that attracted your attention, at the very first sight.

"What is the matter, Kumar? Has something happened that you should keep me waiting here in the dusk the last three quarters of an hour and more?" There was offended pride in her looks and wounded dignity. But beauty is sweet even when angry.

"Forgive me, Santa. I—I..had an important engagement to keep, which I could not tell you of before". And he added with a more serious look in his eyes, *"it has come."*

She turned pale—livid—blank. Then she blushed—a stream of crimson mounted to her cheeks. She grasped his hand with feverish fervour.

"Is it the bloody thing, Kumar?" she asked apprehensively.

He smiled a grim smile and returned, "Yes, Santa. My turn has come." He moved nearer, and drawing his lips very close to her ears, whispered, "Mr. Marden, the Collector. I am to shoot him this night at about twelve o'clock."

"My God!" she exclaimed. "O Kishan! Kishan! Mr. Marden? O, he is a good man, Kumar; and his large family......dear, dear!" she broke away and at length asked, "And Kumar, will you?"

"Young girl, I must," he answered in cold parody.

"For heaven's sake, for charity's sake, Kumar, at least for *my* sake, do not be a murderer, a killer of men. O, how I wish I could convince you!", she added as she saw the inflexible look of the young man.

"I have sworn it, dear. Keep a brave heart, dear girl, and I shall meet you at six to-morrow eve, if all be well." He kissed her fervently when he had done, and as her quivering lips met his, two hot tears fell from her eyes on his arm. They scalded through his body. They sent a shiver through his frame which tingled to the depths of his soul.

"Pray do not, Kishan, do not do it," she sobbed as she clung piteously to him.

He only answered "Farewell", and almost tearing himself away from her arms, vanished into the darkness of the night. And even as he moved away, he felt his heart grow heavy for the gentle creature whom he had left in sobs.

He walked very quickly—he knew not why. Kishan Kumar was a firm man, a man of iron determination, as they say. And yet in his heart, at that moment, was raging a tempest the nature and fury of which no one knew. It was a struggle between love

and duty, and yet he knew not what her forebodings meant. Duty? Yes, duty: he had sworn to do it if he could. He must do it, come what may. But...., was he right after all? Would it not be wrong to kill a man without giving him a moment's notice to prepare himself? No, no! It was weakness to think that way. Why, all Europeans were wrong-doers, he said to himself, and there was no harm in exterminating the whole race of them. But, "Mr. Marden is a good man." The words haunted him. And then his mind rambled over the soft, sweet face which had pleaded before him, time and again, to give up this bloody cult. And he saw her next, alternately pale and red, shocked by his stern resolve. And he remembered how like Prince Arthur she had sued before him, not indeed 'with the utterance of a brace of tongues', but the speechless eloquence of a brace of eyes; and how he had behaved like Hubert, cold and unrelenting. "Do not be a killer of men," she had said. A shudder passed through him when he fancied himself a murderer, 'a killer of men'.

A sudden revulsion of thought brought him to himself again. What, would he let himself go for the sake of a woman? What though that woman be Santa herself? With great determination, Kishan Kumar banished all vascillating thought from his mind and regained his self-possession.

At eleven o'clock, Kishan Kumar emerged from his house. It was a very dark night—a night on which many people would have been content to stay at home,

but just such a one as could be chosen for the work he had undertaken. He took out his pistol and examined whether it was in good condition. Having satisfied himself on that point, he marched quickly by the shortest cut he could take to Mr. Marden's bungalow. A narrow lane, a small wire fence and a stile—these were no difficulties in his way. But just as he entered the garden by the back door, a dog growled from within the house. It was not a good omen by any means. But nothing daunted, Kumar walked gently down the garden, and having found a clump of bushy plants from where he could command a window and the gateway of the bungalow, he hid behind them, cocked his pistol and kept a keen watch. Through the window he could see the family seated quietly inside, engaged in domestic conversation. There were Mrs. Marden, two young boys and a girl. Mr. Marden was not visible, but his rough voice was audible at frequent intervals.

A few minutes passed. They seemed hours. Presently there was the creaking of a door and out came Mr. Marden leading his little girl by the hand. There was an affectionate smile on his lips.

"He is a good man", Santa had said. But what if he had been one and he were killed?

The moments were flitting away, and the opportunity might be lost for ever. Kishan Kumar would never be a perjured man. He took aim and fired. The bullet whistled past the gentleman's ear and left him unharmed. Mr. Marden started and wheeled round in the direction of the shot. The little girl hugged him by

the knees and began to cry, "O papa! papa!" Brushing the girl rather quickly aside, Mr. Marden moved forward and called out, "Hallo! who is that?"

A second shot answered. That too missed the aim. It tore away a part of Mr. Marden's hair. But by this time he had advanced very close. Within one bound, he had gripped the hand of his foe, and said firmly, "Thou shalt not kill!"

Kishan Kumar made a violent effort at escape, but the grasp that held his hand was firm, and there was something in the expression of Mr. Marden's face that was arresting. It penetrated to the very depths of his heart and left him unnerved.

"Young man," he said, "why did you want to kill me?"

"I had sworn to do it", was the answer.

"But people don't swear to kill a man for nothing", returned Mr. Marden.

"Confound it!", was the reply, "I sought your life, because you belong to the European race that rules my land. Commit me to the police, I am ready."

"Young man", said Mr. Marden solemnly, releasing his grip, "you came to take away my life. I shall give you one instead. Begone, and make good your life. I shall not take it; and if you care to take a piece of advice, use it to better purpose than killing innocent people by cowardly means."

There was a tremor in the good man's voice as he spoke the last few words. It was touching, to say the least of it. It went home to the heart of his would-be murderer.

"Oh Mr. Marden is a good man!"

"You are too good, sir, he replied, "I don't deserve it at your hands."

"Render your life useful to the world. Serve your country. But your country's cause is not served by a few murders. Begone, or there will be trouble."

Kishan Kumar thanked him warmly and added, "I shall remember this as long as I live."

The next evening, by sundown, two hearts were throbbing on the gentle slope of the hill near Anangapur. "I told you, Kishan," said a feminine voice, "and you didn't mind me. Will you persist in killing even after this?

"I have changed my mind, dear", was the answer. "I heard the cult of non-violence from your lips, Santa Let me seal my acceptance of it on those very lips."

P. GANAPATI.

Milton.

"This man cuts us all out and the ancients too".
(*Dryden*).

Mathew Arnold in his lecture on the Translation of Homer has summed up the genius of Milton in one word—"Grand". This is very true; for Milton is nothing if not grand. If he is grand in his poetry he is grander still as a man. The poet is greater than his poem and Milton the man is greater than even Milton the poet.

Milton's life has been aptly said to be a drama in three acts. The first act or the first period which may be called the formative period extends over thirty years of his life from 1608-39. It is during this period that he strenuously prepared himself "by rigorous self-discipline and application" for the far off divine event to which his whole life moved. "My father" says the poet "destined me while yet a little boy to the study of human letters which I seized with such eagerness that from the twelfth year of my age I scarcely ever went from my lessons to bed before midnight." To the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew which he learnt at school he added Italian and French. Nor did he neglect English letters. He owed his first poetic inspiration to Spenser. Having finished his early education as a day scholar at St. Pauls he was admitted at the age of sixteen as a pensioner at Christ's. Here he took his Master's degree and left the University in 1632. During his college career his reputation as a

classical scholar was high. He produced several pieces both in Latin and English. Chief among them is the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity—the finest in the English language, as described by Hallam.

Leaving Cambridge in 1632 Milton went to reside with his father at Horton. This period of self-centred isolation lasted from 1632-1638. His aim was high and his preparation long. His ambition from the very beginning was to leave something "which posterity will not willingly let die". The poet's vocation was the most important thing conceivable to him. 'The poet must himself be a poem'. To him the poet was a sage, a seer, a prophet. Milton was contemplating a work to be written with devout prayer to the "Eternal spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge and sends out his Seraphims with a hallowed fire of His alter to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases".

A young man with such a lofty ideal can hardly be expected to busy himself with bread-winning concerns. His sense of duty was so exacting that although he was preparing might and main for that which he conceived to be the vocation of his life, yet he thought he was not doing enough. This dissatisfaction with his progress stands revealed in his sonnet on "His having arrived at the age of twenty-three". Here he tells us pathetically, "How time the subtle thief of youth, has stolen on his wing his three and twentieth year". He regrets that his "late spring no bud or blossom showeth" and concludes with his characteristic faith

"All life, if I have grace to, use it so
"As ever in my great task-master's eye".

One prominent feature is clearly visible in the early life of Milton and that is the serious bent of his mind. In the midst of the gaiety, the ease, and intellectual culture of the Renaissance which exercised so profound an influence upon his early education, a tone of sadness pervades his entire life. His joys are the joys of Il Penseroso. It is Milton himself. It is a picture, scarcely idealised, of the life which he was leading at Horton. Melancholoy to him is "the divinest goddess sage and holy". He, loves to hear 'the cricket on the hearth or the bell-man's drowsy charm at dead of night'. He loves "to out-watch the Bear with thrice Great Hermes or unsphere the spirit of Plato" and "see gorgeous tragedy in sceptred hall come sweeping by". No less does he love,

> The high and embowed roof,
> With antique pillar massy proof
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim, religious light".

Even his L'Allegro's pleasure is not the pleasure of levity and frivolity. His L'Allegro can go to the stage only

> "If Johnson's learned stock be on
> Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warble his native wood notes wild".

In 'Comus' the poet has idealised the masque. It is an eulogy of virtue. Here again he exalts "Sweet retired solitude, where wisdom's self oft" retreats with

"her best nurse contemplation" to plume her feather "and let grow her wings". These three poems together with the 'Arcades' complete the work of the first period of Milton's life. There is an undertone of sadness in all these poems. It is in his 'Lycidas' that he for the first time bursts forth into a flame. It is in his Lycidas that he launches his invective against those who for their "belley's sake, creep and intrude and climb into the fold." It is again in his Lycidas that the poet announces the " two handed engine at the door " that stands ready to smite once and smite no more".

Immediately after 1637 he set out on a foreign tour. He had a longing to visit Ausonia consecrated by the genius of Dante and Petrarch and Ariosto. It was his determined object to seek inspiration in the land where many English poets from Chaucer to Shelley have found it. He remained abroad for fifteen months. He intended to cross over as a pilgrim to the birth place of Euripides and Aeschylus; but the news of the troubles in England hastened his return. To quote his own words, "I thought it disgraceful while my fellow countrymen were fighting for liberty, that I should be travelling under pleasure". He retraced his steps and arrived in England in 1639.

With his return begins the second period of his life. The promise "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new" was destined to remain unfulfilled for a long time. He was no longer a man of contemplation. He was carried out of art into politics, out of poetry into prose.

In short he became a violent pamphleteer. He says "I determined to relinquish the other pursuits in which I was engaged and to transfer the whole force of my talents and my industry to this one important object of vindication of liberty. The finest of Milton's prose works the Areopagitica, a plea for the free expression of opinions, was published in 1644.

During the time of his Latin Secretaryship he acquired European fame. He became totally blind in 1652. The year 1660 was the year of Restoration of the monarchy and in that year he enters the third period of his life.

Though most gloomy, this period is the most glorious one. He was now like Samson "fallen on evil days and evil tongues with darkness and danger compassed, round". His home was unhappy. His life was desolate. But all was not lost: there remained the " unconquerable will and courage never to submit or yield".

The grandest products of his genius are Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistis. Critic after critic has pointed out that the hero of Paradise Lost, whether that Milton was conscious of this or not, is really Satan who determines that it is "better to rule in Hell than serve in Heaven." Satan speaks in the authentic voice of the indomitable Milton himself. In much of the portraiture of Adam, Milton seems to be unconsciously describing himself. His manly beauty, his imperious claim to absolute rule over weaker sex, the

grasp of his intellect, his strength of will, yet susceptibility to the influence of female charms, all these characteristics assigned to Adam are well-known to have, in an eminent degree, belonged to himself. In the character of Eve, Milton displays his oriental views of women's relation to man.

Having blank verse as his medium, the grandeur, the pregnancy and the nobility of the style are indisputable. In short, it is, as Hallam is inclined to place it, above the Divine Comedy of Dante.

In 'Paradise Regained', the childhood of John the Baptist is that of the poet himself and the temptation of Christ, the poet's own temptation from which he emerged triumphantly.

The interest of 'Samson Agonistis' is greatly autobiographical. Samson's blindness is the poet's own. Dalila is the poet's wife. Dagon is the English Church. The Philistines are the roisterers of the Restoration. Samson's dignity, his inflexibility, and his rage are Milton's own. The poet did not survive long. His Samson Agonistis was published in 1671. Three years later, he died.

Such is Milton, the man and the poet. What is the lesson of his life? Some will say "His religion". He was undoubtedly the poet of Puritanism. Yet he was not merely a Puritan. His religion is the religion of liberty, of right conduct and a religion of humanity. Religion in the ordinary sense is not the lesson of his life. The lesson of his life is sincerity and love of

liberty. Milton dealt hard and severe blows in the cause of freedom,—freedom, civil and religious, and freedom of thought and speech.

Thus after Shakespeare, Milton is the greatest English poet outside the realm of drama. In him we we have a wonderful union of intellectual and creative power of a high order. The salient feature we note in him is his sublimity. He is the most sublime of English poets.

Above all, there is an intensity of individuality in every thing he writes which is singularly impressive; and the loftiness of his spirit and passionate moral earnestness make us feel as we read him, that we are indeed in the presence of one "whose sould was like a star and dwelt apart."

T. S. KALYANASUNDARAM.

CAST OF 'RAMDAS' ACTED ON THE FOUNDER'S DAY.

On the Completion of the Oriental Block.

Oh! sacred Muses, holy Fays,
That roam Parnassian glades
Leap for joy and sing thy lays
Around thy balmy shades.
And to the Orient cast thine eyes
Where hoary learning still abides
And breathe thy soft benediction
On this abode of cost enormous
Raised with toil, long, laborious
For thy habitation.

Oh! happy Muses, dainty Fays,
Descend from heights celestial,
And tread the plains where Colroon strays,
Or lounge in halls palatial,
Where English, Tamil, Economics
Whisper sweet to fair Statistics,
Or aged Sanskrit all erotic
Bows to heavenly Philosophy,
And where no eye of jealousy
Prowl with glance erratic.

Oh, learned Muses, radiant Fays,
That inward gloom abhor,
Where Arts and Tongues in love embrace
No Folly's shadow mar;
And nightly shades of low descent
Are chased by lamps incandescent.
Strike up thy strains in felicity
From shore to shore waft thou her fame
That the ends of earth resound the name
Of this 'Varsity'.

ANON.

A Tregedy.

The temple gong gave out seven gloomy peals and I woke up from my bed. Not a ray of light peeped into my dungeonous room. I opened the window looking into the street and saw people already walking. I always used to sleep with the window shut so that devils with which my old aunt had stuffed my infant brain, might not enter and disturb my sleep. Then I sat down on my bed scratched my head and yawned very loudly. Of course this is the way I usually begin the day. I dressed myself, went out of the room, locked the door and in a minute was walking down the street.

The sun hidden by sombre clouds was seen a little high above the horizon. As usual, there was no cool morning breeze to rustle the leaves of the trees. They were all still—dead still. There was no singing of the birds. Everything was ominiously silent. All at once, the clouds move and the sun shines brightly. After walking for a while, I turn my head and look behind—I see many people, all silently walking. Suddenly my eyes fall on my clothes. Oh Heavens! What do I see! A well-defined, clear, small, circular patch of rich scarlet blood! So conspicuous against the intense whiteness of my clothes! Methinks my heart ceases beating. A cold shudder runs down my frame. I tremble in every limb with fear. My head becomes heavy and giddy; and the whole world whirls like a misty-ball before my eyes. Oh, I have shed some one's blood!

Little by little, I composed myself and gained my presence of mind. I saw clearly in what dangerous situation I then was. I remembered that this was the 20th century—an age of order, justice and government; not an age when might was right. So a crime like mine could not easily escape observation. Were this some other land, like the Land of Liliput, the Policemen would soon be on the track of blood and be upon me. Or some famous detectives would probably come with a foot rule longer than themselves and assiduously measure the circumference of that circle and then ingeniously calculate its area. Some chemists also might come there and analyse that blood to find out whether it was the blood of man or of woman or of an animal. There I may be handcuffed and dragged before the august presence of My Lord the Chief Justice to receive judgment at his hands. He would frown and say, 'The scoundrel ought to be hanged.'

But here no such thing happened. As I said before, we live in a country and an age of justice and order. Here vice is properly punished and virtue justly rewarded. You and I know perfectly well the truth of this; or else, we are a pair of dolls. So even now I am at a loss to comprehend how in that bright morning people failed to observe that well-defined, clear, small, circular patch of scarlet blood. It is strange, passing strange.

Impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, I quickened my steps, exciting little suspicion in the people. Soon I found myself walking amidst the green

fields that girdle the town. I felt a little easy; I gained my breath. I sat down upon the green grass to ruminate upon that night's terrible tragic deed.

For it was really a tragedy and nothing short of that. I was the sole, unscrupulous, daring author of it—though it was done in my sleep. Don't stare and wonder how on earth a man could do in his sleep a terrible, tragic act. I say I did it. Yes, in my sleep. Upon my honour I say, I would not have done it, if I had been awake. Setting aside for a moment the thought how this crime might affect my fortunes, I plunged into a philosophical consideration of its effects on my character. I hated myself. I asked 'what is the punishment of God for shedding a helpless creature's blood?' 'Da......tion of his soul' was the instant answer. 'Da......tion' is a word which I hate and Johnson hated it too. That is the only punishment, for the Lord avoids those who are guilty of bloodshed. But there was floating one fragile piece of wood, and I clung to it with all my hope and strength. It was the hope that 'like a taper's light adorns and decks our way'—the hope that I may be pardoned. For I did the crime—unknowingly—in my sleep—a sound sleep.

I thought and thought without getting anywhere. My heart was heavy with sorrow and shame—Oh such a horrible, outrageous crime perpetrated by myself in the deep darkness and the great silence of that long night within the four gloomy walls of my room! Suddenly the name of Tartuff flashed upon my mind and I

remembered his words: 'To sin in secret is not to sin at all. It is only publicity which makes the wrong'. Yes, the sinful deed was done within the four gloomy walls of my room; those walls had neither eyes nor ears, I am sure. But, Lord bless me, I am not a scoundrel like that Tartuff; or else, I might have been consoled by that rogue. But at the same instant the words of Oscar Wilde came to my mind. In his De Profundis he says, 'What one has done in the secret chamber one day, one was to cry aloud from the house top.' It is a great truth, and, as a warning to the sinning multitude, is fit to be written everywhere in letters of gold. Nature in her mystic language is ever whispering this sublime truth in the ears of sensitive men. So I write this to show you the murderous devil in me and to entreat for the mercy of God and man, to which I have become eternally unworthy.

Soon from that plaintive world of thought, my mind came back to the world of reality. The sun had gone high. It was about 10 o'clock. The sky was now all bright and blue. The leaves rustled in a gentle breeze which lessened the heat of the sun. The soft melodies of some little birds were like the sweet tinkling sounds of silver bells over green meadows. I confess I had not heard the tinkling sounds of silver bells over green meadows. But the description is highly poetic you see; never mind if it is foolish. Some poetic things are foolish things we know. All passions of man—even gross passions are very often described in grand and elevated style of poetry. Yes, when I am growing poetic, I find myself soaring high into the

region of foolishness on the delicate wings of fond fancy. And when I put that foolish stuff in black and white to be read by you, you scratch your head or blow your nose (or else, to what other purpose heads and noses are made, many will ask) and, with all the contortions of a critic's face, say, 'This is foolish; 'tis nonsense; and that's absurd. Sad, sad, filthy stuff'. I know this is exactly the verdict you will pass upon this.

But let us to our narrative. After a while, I got up from the ground and bent my steps towards the Palaman. It was not so guilty as I was, and so it was running as smooth and turbid as ever. I washed the stain away from my clothes. It was done easily. To do reverence to old custom I took three full dips in that turbid water. They say that water can cleanse—spiritually too. There is the Ganges to rid us of our sins—Ganges, that imperious, divine current which came down to this earth from the head of great and merciful Siva. But my crime is so foul, that not all the waters of the wide oceans can wash my guilt away. Then I knelt down on the green grass and invoked the help of the heavens above. But no god, as in legends of yore, appeared; nor any goddess. Only the stream was running, a few birds were crying and the big straw-heap all mellow and shining in the sun was standing as mute as ever. But I prayed devoutly and for a long time for the soul of my victim.

It was high time. I walked quickly to my house with a rueful countenance. My breakfast was cold. But my appetite and sorrow are always apart; they

dont interfere with each other. So I began to eat my breakfast in my damp, dark chamber. Suddenly with a great buzz there appeared before my eyes—what? I shudder to tell it. Macbeth persuaded by his wife murdered Duncan in his sleep. It was base, base ingratitude. But he murdered a man like himself, who heaped on him wealth and honours. But I, persuaded by none, had murdered one, far below me, in rank, who came into my room with a pure disinterested desire to sing and lull me to sleep which at times even the great crowned kings woo in vain. So my ingratitude was baser and I fear in me you have a worse man than Macbeth. Macbeth over his supper saw the ghost of Banquo rise. And over my breakfast, I saw the ghost of my victim, moist and fresh from the grave! Yes, I saw the ghost of a big awful mosquito! That was my victim! 'It was here, it was there, it was gone'!

N. KRISHNAMURTHI,

Sambamurthi the Civilian.

"If there is a heaven upon this earth, it is this, it is this, it is this", was the thought uppermost in his mind, when Sambamurti found himself one fine evening, inside the palace—gardens of Emperor Shahjehan. Whether he was there by his own mistake or through that of the sentry, it may not matter; but the fact remains that he was inside the garden as sure as the garden itself was in existence.

The Jumna kissing its borders, its waters diverted through channels of marble into artificial tanks of blackstone fringed by a myriad fountains, interposed by beautiful conifers—these and a hundred other sights were so captivating, that the locality seemed to Sambamurti a veritable heaven on earth. He was lost in deep meditation when out from a neighbouring copse there stood exposed to his view a damsel, resplendent in her beauty, attended by two serfs. He slipped at once behind a cypress tree and occupied a position from where he could have a view of everything, without himself being seen.

The three were at play for sometime, after which Sambamurti saw them depart to whence they came, after which he came out of his hiding place and tried to go back home. But try as he would, he could not, because the whole scene had touched not only his vision, but his heart as well. Return, however he must, and he decided to do it, but not without a firm resolve to come to the spot once again and get at the lady somehow. He

got out of the garden as mysteriously as he had got into it, and when he reached home, he could not for a moment erase from his mind's eye the beautiful vision that he had seen in the palace garden; nor could he keep out of his thought the lovely figure of the damsel who had captured his heart at first sight. In short, he was stricken with what has been called, love. He had little or no sleep in the night and with dawn Sambu got up from his restless bed and wandered in the streets of the city like a half crazy man.

At one moment he was hopeful of getting at the princess, while the next moment, he lay crushed under despair. Who is Sambu and how is he to get the hand of a princess, which the lady surely must be. But the more the affair looked hopeless, the firmer became his determination to introduce himself to the princess.

While he was thus plodding his uncertain way, there appeared before him, a woman with a basket of flowers. "Whither are you going madam and for whom are these lovely blossoms?" asked Sambu in the most mechanical way. "Well, Sir, I am going to the palace and these are for the princess Ispahani."

That was enough and he knew for whom the basket was. A thought flashed into his mind and he put it into action the very next day. Without going into the dull why and wherefore of things, let us say that Sambu got at the house of the flower-woman but not without difficulty. It is not for us either to record all that went on between them. Suffice it to say, that after a good

deal of appeal and entreaty on his part, it was arranged that on the next day Sambu was to be dressed as a girl and sent to the palace, instead of the flower woman. The day broke and with it appeared Sambu metamorphosed into a woman carrying a basket of flowers. He tripped and tripped in all the feigned gait of a girl until at last the palace gate was reached. Sambu was fair in complexion and looked a bonny lass, in his disguise. To act up to his appearance was a task difficult in the extreme, but Sambu managed it cleverly, and he heaved a sigh of relief when at last the ordeal was over and he was let into the palace and reached the apartment of the princess. It was a gorgeous room, lavishly adorned with beautiful hangings and costly furniture. On one of the golden couches was seated the lady who had conquered his heart with her beauty, surrounded by her attendants. The appearance of a young girl in the place of the usual old woman created at first a mild surprise among the inmates of the room. "Who art thou, fair one, and if thou dost bring me roses what is it that hath prevented old Muradbi from coming hither?" queried the princess. "She, I mean my sister is unwell and she has sent me to hand over these flowers to your ladyship," was all that Sambu could reply. He did not say much lest he should be found out by his masculine voice. "Come hither young girl and tell me what is her exact complaint?" The princess pressed the palm of Sambu's out stretched hand. What a divine touch was it! He became blind to everything around him, for if he had been cool-headed, he would have perceived a remarkable change in the complexion of the princess the

moment she laid her hand in Sambu's. In less than a minute the princess' hand had been taken off from his with a rude shock as from a live electric wire. Before he could realise anything, a great alarm had been raised and Sambamoorthy found himself in the hands of the palace guards, who poured forth into the hall in great numbers. It is needless to say that the whole truth was out in no time. And it was arranged that the culprit was to be taken before the mighty Emperor, the next morning when all would be assembled at the Diwanikhas. Trembling to the very core of his heart Sambu was brought before the king to await his orders. The King was apprised of all the facts.

"Indiscreet youth, I am touched by your appearance. I am therefore disposed to be lenient." Then turning to his attendants he said "Hurl him into the Jumna from one of our watch towers." Turning to Sambu, "If you are as brave as you have been crafty in this foolish enterprise of yours, you may escape. Go" ordered the Emperor.

Sambamoorthy quivered like an aspen leaf, and shrieking aloud, clasped the Emperor's foot.

"And I have my *Civil Service Examination* just tomororw." He opened his eyes and whom should he be embracing but the Durwan of the Delhi Fort within which is the palace of Emperor Shah Jehan, gently touching him on his back 'Rise up Sahib, it is high time visitors cleared out'.

T. S. RAGHAVAN.

The Beginning.

"Begin from the beginning", say our wise old grandfathers. The maxim is doubtless one of great value, and it clearly shows the importance of the 'beginning' in anything. But the difficulty is, how to begin. So many of our budding poets and authors tell us that the greatest difficulty in literary enterprises is to make a good beginning. "When we have made a good beginning, the rest is all very easy." "Well begun is half done" and "a good start given is half the victory". Thus having realised to some extent the importance of 'beginnings', we shall survey some of the various kinds of beginnings of English novels and short stories.

'Beginnings' have changed very much from the beginning of English language and literature. The "Once upon a time" and "In days of yore" systems are considered now too old for any consideration. The exacting critic as soon as he sees a novel or short-story beginning with a 'Once upon a time' cries out: "The old-fashioned muff!" and throwing down the book, which may, in spite of the 'old' beginning contain something 'new' and worthy of understanding, sits down to condemn the book and its helpless author. Poor author. I pity him. His only fault is the beginning. But that *is* a fault, you say? He ought to move with the times. Well! Perhaps he ought.

Then there is the set of authors who take us through an endless labyrinth of introduction before they show us the faintest sight of the story proper.

Regarding them, I have only to say that they are simply insufferable. They build a gate bigger than the house. Their introduction is half the book, sometimes more. But thanks to God, and to the kind and merciless critics (don't be puzzled by the contradiction; they are knid to the readers and merciless to the authors) such authors have now become scarce.

The dialogue-beginning is another sort. These authors thrust us, head forward, into the dialogues. The talk goes on for a while and then ceases, leaving us to wonder "What does all this mean!" Of course the explanation will follow. But still it will take sometime for us to recover from the sudden shock of surprise that we had. Such authors are anyhow better than the labyrinthine worthies; they are less tiresome.

A good number of stories and novels begin with an "It was an extremely beautiful morning or evening," or something of that sort. Others begin with a terrifying description of a pitch-dark midnight with owls hooting and jackals howling; which will stop the blood in its passage through our veins and drive away the sleep from our eyes for nights. Such authors are really inclement and ignore a little too much, the reader's mentality.

Most of the modern writers, not excluding even such a gigantic figure as Chesterton, like to begin their stories as abruptly as possible. They begin—"Mrs.— was the Chief of the Paris Police" or "She was a charming girl of the blooming age of eighteen" or "The great Mr.——, most original of the young Tuscan

poets, walked swiftly......". This is only a highly advanced form of the dialogue-beginning system. In it we are directly and at once introduced to the theme and persons of the story or novel. Our interest is tickled and we are carried from paragraph to paragraph. Some keep up the interest to the end. But some unfortunate writers fail in the middle and then—woe to such a writer.

N.B.—If you find this not interesting console yourself that it is only a 'beginning'.

K. KARUNAKARA MENON.

The Trials of Mr. "Conductor."

If it be true that man is only a by-product of experience, Mr. C. is a faithful replica of that specimen. Till now his life has been one of a division between the two categories of dreams and Determinations. But the stage, the cyclone and the bridge, having disclosed the pitfalls in life, have successfully contributed in desirable proportions to the moulding of a new career for Mr. C.

But the mind of Mr. C. has of late taken to be at variance with its honoured proprietor in all critical moments. It has contracted a liking to work itself out compartmentally with utter disregard to the general well-being and propriety of Mr. C's. dear self. In one such compartment the point at issue is whether or not to proclaim a general war upon all things and men in Annamalai Nagar. In another portion it is a clamour for a complete hartal and a final retreat of the kind of Nirvana. It remains a mystery that Mr. C. has set aside both these alluring propositions and betaken himself to do his 'duty' and then to die.

The first and foremost thing a man in Annamalai Nagar is expected to do as his duty is an 'Extension' both literally and metaphorically. Viewed metaphysically 'Extension' is the only possibility and a necessity despite the limitedness of the things-in-themselves that go to constitute what is euphemistically called the audience. Come what, come may; Mr. C. is irrepressibly optimistic.

He thinks of all subjects under the sun for his 'Extension', but his mind exposes unceremoniously a defect or two in every one of them under purview. Astronomy is set aside as gas and stuff and history as a bundle of fibs. Literature is trash and nonsense; Chemistry is dangerous, Physics highly complicated, Music too slippery, so on and so forth. Subjects continually arise in Mr. C's mind but are turned down mercilessly back into their source. For a while even Mr. C's mind becomes a blank out of sheer exhaustion.

In this sort of an intellectual coma, Mr. C. walks into the University library where there is much noise, bustle and stir. He feels the atmosphere stuffy; the very sight of books is obnoxious to his eyes. As a sort of diversion Mr. C. takes up a copy of the 'Hindu' and his eyes alight upon an article on the Gita written by Mahatma Gandhi from his Yerrawada prison. "Here is my only chance" thinks he "to become famous and a Mahatma minus imprisonment." For the University authorities have ruled out imperatively all imprisonments for any kind of speech or writing in Annamalai Nagar.

Mr. C. settles down to write on the Gita, as he said, for the benefit and enlightenment of the souls of the Nagarites. Being usually given up to talkies-of-the-mind-stuff, (thinking is in fact speech only) he sees crowds of Nagarites, possessed and pursued by devils, hastening to the 'Extension' for protection. He feels that he is already a martyr ready for crucifixion and capable enough like Jesus to lead these hapless souls out

of hell. He beholds that at the end of his 'Extension, people, casting off their devils as they would their last shirts, squat down quietly on the floor to meditate on the tips of their noses with a view to bringing themselves out through the point of the needle, as the saying goes.

None of these miracles have happened and the Nagar is not the place for saints and their miracles. The truth is that Mr. C. has chosen the wrong one for his 'Extension.' There are no devils in Annamalai Nagar and none need to be dispossessed of them. But Mr. C. does his duty undaunted. For three consecutive days he does his 'Extension', one hour a day, in the Assembly Hall. Even Extension must have its limit and end according to the latest stunt of Prof. Einstein. The last word on the Gita has been spoken out. Mr. C. scans the empty benches around. For a moment he is lost in deep thought. Then his face brightens up and he effects a sort of neurotic dance on the very platform itself. "Oh! I have at last discovered the truth of truths on this happy evening" exclaims Mr. C. He has discovered that he alone had been all these three days, the one hearer of his 'Extension', the one witness of his performance, and the sole enjoyer of this experience. He feels himself unique and blessed in getting a glimpse of this supreme Advaitic truth which took the Upanishadic seers long years and much privations to understand. 'Extensions', alas, were unknown in those Upanishadic days.

Mr. C. gathers up his type-written speeches and gets down from the platform for good and for ever.

Feeling poetic and inspired he sings thus to the tune of Bairavi,

"Out of Me the Word is born,
And from the Word the worlds are.
Unto the Word the worlds return,
And unto Me, the Word worlds and all."

The task is done. Mr. C. feels supremely satisfied. He determines not to traverse any more through the labyrinths and by-paths. Who knows what the Editors of the Miscellany keep in store for him, their hearts or pens? It will be too hazardous to sound the depths of their hearts or to measure the velocity of their pens. It is just like playing with fire and fury.

So Mr. Conduc-Tor says "Good-bye", and makes his bow and the exit.

Mr. "CONDUC-TOR."

Show me your God.

"Brothers and sisters, God is great. He pervades the whole universe and He is all-powerful. Sing, sing, His praises and you shall become free." This was the trend of the sermon delivered by a holy man on the banks of the Mother Ganges. There was absolute silence and the solitary voice of the sage was listened to with faithful veneration. Brahmanand was, surely, a very great man.

Chandi Babu was sitting amidst that credulous congregation. An intrepid youngman of atheistic views, Chandi could not brook the folly of blind belief. He rose up, drawing the attention of the seer, who looked at him askance.

"Sir, may I ask you a question?"

"Yes, my child, you can, I am at your disposal."

"Were you not preaching that God pervaded the whole universe?"

"Yes, child. Nobody can deny that."

"Nobody! I! I deny the very existence of God. Show me your God! Can you?"

Brahmanand cast a penetrating glance on the young man. The audience was non-plussed. A minute later, something darted from the right hand of Brahmanand and struck the head of Chandi. He caught his head, reeled and with a cry of pain fell down. It was a lump of clay, dry and hardened.

"Catch hold of that sanyasi!" The cry went through the crowd. Four or five sturdy men came forward and caught the preacher by both the arms. Chandi Babu had recovered.

"Away with the mad sanyasi to the city kothwal,' he cried.

"Away" responded the other men.

Brahmanand stood before the Kothwal in perfect calmness. The crowd that had followed also stood there, all impatient. The absolutely indifferent attitude of the sage made the issue a dubious one. Many people could not believe that Brahmanand was capable of the act. And yet, could they disbelieve their eyes and was there any doubt on *that* question—which had roused the feelings of the great man?

Chandi Babu respectfully submitted his case before the magistrate. "My Lord! This man is pretending to be holy. He struck my head with this lump of clay, there is no doubting the fact. Ask any man here and he will bear me out."

Strange to say, nobody stepped before the magistrate. Nobody was sure that Brahmanand, the revered sage of Benares, might have done that act.

"What the devil, do you mean?" shouted Chandi. "It is still paining here, in my head."

"Where, child?" came the astonished question of Brahmanand.

"Here!"

"Where?" Brahmanand smiled, "Show me thy pain."

Chandi Babu drew back.

"Show me thy pain and I will then show thee my God."

It was a revelation and all bowed before it. Chandi Babu was among the first to prostrate before that holy man of Benares, Brahmanand sanyasi.

T. K. RATHNAM.

Ninety Percent True.

On the 24th October 1930, I determined to attend the *Shrew* at Elphinstone. Why, the following lines will explain.

"Have you seen *the Thief of Bagdad?*" a friend asked me at A'nagar.

"I haven't" I said.

"Seen *the Light of Asia?*"

"No".

"Three Musketeers?"

I shook my head.

"Not seen *Three Musketeers!*" he repeated in a mingled tone of pity and contempt.

Moreover, I am interested in literary problems, mind you! Lamb says Shakespeare's play are n't good to be acted. Also Hazlitt. There was a fine opportunity to test the statement.

I was not inclined to read that day. I was out early. I wanted to meet an elderly gentleman, a retired official and a family friend, on my way to the theatre.

I like him very much. He was my father's chum.

In an hour, I was on the landing, upstairs the gentleman's house.

He was asleep. Someone woke him up.

He peered a minute at me through his eyelashes. Then he recognised me. Sitting up and stretching himself, he welcomed me yawning.

I sat down opposite to him, asking pardon for disturbing his sleep. "No matter, only an after-dinner nap", he waived my apology.

"I heard of your failure, this morning. That chap,—that chap—oh! I forget his name———yes, Krishnamurthi—told me. What a pity!" he began in his drawling, nasal tone. "Good students fail, while drama-goers get through. The examination results are really inscrutable. * * * "

I did not reply to him. At times silence is more eloquent than speech.

There was a pause.

"Are you a Science graduate?" I inquired to keep the ball rolling. "No, Mathematics. Your father too is Mathematics, isn't he?"

I shook my head and told him that he was Philosophy.

The gentleman became suddenly pensive. "Your father stands before my eyes, as though I saw him only yesterday. Oh, he is a born executive officer," he waxed enthusiastic.

"I intend attending the *Shrew* at Elphinstone. Have you seen it, Sir? cinema-stars, Doughlas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are.........."

"My dear chap" he cut in, "I am now sixty-five, till now I haven't seen a single show—a cinema or a drama or a circus."

I smiled. It was a smile of admiration.

"And, when I was in service" he went on with his story, "I used to get complimentary reserved tickets. But nothing has tempted me. One can attend a show off and on when one is burdened with grief. But cinema-going, as a habit, is awful."

My friend had a contempt for all social pleasures.

"*Bhagavathars* too are humbugs" he exclaimed indignantly. "Politics, buffoonery, cock and bull stories, and nasty comments on social manners—this is their *Ramayanam*! Even more abominable is a female—*bhagavathar*." "H'm, she has crossed the sea of *Vedanta* and is out to set us right!", he wound up with a smile of scorn.

"Johnson also hated a woman preacher. Her preaching is like a dog walking on its hind legs, he says", I put in to corroborate him.

My friend broke into a guffaw, enjoying Johnson's humour.

The time was up. Only an hour to the 6 o'clock show. Rising a little from the seat and joining the palms in the right Indian manner, he gave me leave to go.

The good gentleman's views are unforgettable. rather old-fashioned, perhaps, but sincere and harmless and well-meaning withal.

"O. B."

Hostel Notes.

The Hostel began its function in right earnest from the 1st July 1931 with Dr. S. R. Rao as Warden, and Mr. A. C. Subramaniam as Sub-warden, in place of the late Mr. P. K. Mahadevan. The same day, the representatives of the various sections were elected; from among them Mr. C. P. Damodara Menon, representative of Section I was elected the secretary of the Hostel; thus, the Hostel Representative Council was duly constituted.

That evening the officiating Vice-Chancellor, the warden and the members of the hostel assembled to mourn the untimely and tragic demise of Mr. P. K. Mahadevan, our beloved sub-warden.

On the 1st of August, we met to celebrate the 'Tilak's Day.' A meeting was held that evening, with Prof. K. M. Khadye, the officiating Vice-Chancellor in the chair. Several distinguished guests, such as Mr. R. Bhaskaran of the Annamalai University, Prof. Srinivasa Chari of the Pachayyappa's College, Prof. Franco of the Presidency College, Dr. P. J. Thomas of the Madras University, Prof. D'Soussa of the Mysore University and Prof. Venkatarangayya of the Andhra University addressed the gathering. After the meeting the guests and the members adjourned to the sumptuous feast arranged in the Sections.

On the 26th August, "ONAM" was celebrated with more than the usual enthusiasm and vivacity. Long before the event, the Malayalee members of the Hostel

were seen preparing their throats to beat the record noise in crying out "A r a p p o-o-o........." after their own fashion. Throughout the live-long day the walls of the Hostel were reverberating with the ecstatic shouts of the "Jubilant lot". Nature also lent a helping hand in making the function a complete success. The drizzling rain towards the close, though it disturbed the guests at the feast in the open air helped to create that real Malabar atmosphere.

The electrification scheme which is nearly complete has ushered in a brighter future for the Hostel.

The Union Society.

Presidents.—Prof. K. M. Khadye, M. A. (Bomb)., B. A. (Cantab).

Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganathan Avl., M.A., I.E.S.

Chairman.—Mr. T.A. Subramaniam (First Term.)

Secretary.—Mr. V. Achyuthan Nair.

The new Constitution drafted by a Sub-Committee specially appointed for the purpose came into force at the beginning of the year. Raja Sir S. R. M. Annamalai Chettiar, K.C.I.E., has been enrolled as a Patron of the Union. Messrs. B. M. Bhat, B. A. & S. V. Venkata Ramanan B. A. have been enrolled as life-members.

In conducting debates, the Union has been as active as ever. Subjects such as "Separate and Joint Electorates for India," "Abolition of Capital Punishment," "League of Nations—a failure," "The Success of the Soviet Five-year Plan and the ultimate triumph of Communistic production," "Participation of Gandhiji in the Second Round Table Conference," "Necessity of Husbands being henpecked," "Resignation of the Labour Cabinet," "Evolution versus Revolution," and "Suicide the noblest form of Death" have been discussed by the House with an animation all its own.

In private business the House offered its condolences to the bereaved families of Messrs. R. V. Ramanan, P. K. Mahadevan, P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar and K.C. Roy.

The House also placed on record its sense of appreciation of the services rendered by Messrs. S. V. Venkata Ramanan and T. Krishnan Kutty Menon as ex-Secretary and ex-Chairman, respectively.

On Thursday 3rd Sept. 1931 the Union was at home to M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan, M.A., I.E.S., the Vice-Chancellor, on the occasion of his return to the University after his continental tour. After lunch the members assembled in the centre of the University Lawn, when the Vice-Chancellor delivered the inaugural address of the Union. In response to the Secretary's request in his welcome address, the Vice-Chancellor assured the members that in the near future the Union would come to possess a hall of its own, with the latest facilities for conducting a debate, with reading rooms and restaurants attached to it.

English Language and Literature Society.

President.—Prof. K. M. Khadye, M.A.

Chairman.—Mr. S. Ramadasan (I term)

Secretary. - Mr. R. Parthasarathi.

There were four ordinary meetings in the first term. Interesting topics like the "Cowardice of Falstaff," "Didacticism with respect to great poetry," "The importance of rhyme and metre in poetry" and "The Epic qualities of Byron's Don Juan" were discussed. The meetings were well-attended and members evinced great interest in the proceedings.

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Economics Society.

President.—The Vice-Chancellor.

Vice-President.—Dr. B. V. N. Naidu, M.A., B. Com.

Secretary.—Mr. C. V. Subramanian, IV H.

Chairman.—Mr. T. Krishnan Kutty Menon, V. H.

The Society commenced its career with an ordinary meeting on 20th July, when Mr. A. Ragavachary spoke on the "Bank of International Settlements." On the 1st August, Prof. D'Souza of the Mysore University delivered an address on "The Ethics of Modern Industrial Civilization." Prof. Venkatrangiah of the Andhra University also spoke on the occassion.

The Society has altogether held seven meetings this term and it is expected that Mr. N. S. Subba Rao, M.A., (Cantab), Bar-at-Law, Director of Public Instruction, Mysore, will deliver the inaugural address of the Society.

Great enthusiasm is evinced by the students as well as the staff members of the society in its activities. The Secretary hopes that the same kind of interest will continue to be taken in the coming terms.

History Society.

Chairman.—Mr. V. Vridhagirisan, IV H.

Secretary.—Mr. V. Ramamurthy, IV H.

The Society began its work in an atmosphere of deep regret and sorrow due to the demise of its president, Prof. P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar, M.A., However, the progress of the Society has been quite satisfactory. During the period under review three meetings were held. In the first meeting there was a discussion on "Local Government in India." In the second meeting, after a heated controversy, the house rejected the resolution that, "The House of Lords should be abolished." In the last meeting, a lively discussion took place on the date and authorship of "Kautillya's Arthasastra."

Philosophy Society.

President.—Dr. Sileswar Sen., M.A., D. Litt.

Chairman.—Mr. V. N. Ramaswamy, IV H. (I Term)

Secretary.—Mr. S. Hanumaji Rao, IV H.

The Philosophy Society held five meetings in the course of this term ; one was an extraordinary meeting. The inaugural address of the Society was delivered by M.R.Ry. S. S. Suryanarayana Sastri Avl., M.A., Bar-at-Law, Reader in Philosophy, Madras University, on "The Life and Philosophy of Appiah Deikshadar." We are glad to note that members take a keen interest in the Society.

The Annamalai University Tamil Society.

President. Swamy Vipulanandaji Avl., B.Sc., Lond.

Chairman.— Mr. R.A. Subramanian, IV Honours, (I Term.)

Secretary.—Mr. R. Ekambaram Vid. Class.

The inaugural address of the Sangam was delivered on Saturday, the 8th August 1931, by M. R. Ry. A. Karmega Konar Avl. of the American College, Madura, when Swamy Vipulanandaji Avl. presided.

The weekly meetings of this Sangam attracted more audience than in the previous years and topics of general interest like, "The want of the World" etc., were discussed with great enthusiasm.

The introduction of debates in the ordinary meetings, it is hoped, will give great pleasure and profit.

The Annamalai University Physics Society.

President.—Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao, M.A., Ph.D.

Secretary.—Mr. R. A. Varadarajan, IV Class.

The inaugural address was delivered by Prof. Sir C. V. Raman, F.R.S.N.L., on Friday, the 17th July, with Prof. K. M. Khadye, officiating Vice-Chancellor in the chair. In an interesting address, Prof. Raman dwelt on the various aspects of the study of crystals profusely illustrating his lecture with lantern slides. The members of the society were "At Home" to him just before the address. A group photo was taken on the occasion.

Three ordinary meetings have been held till now during this term. These meetings have attracted more members than in the previous years. There are on our programme two more ordinary lectures and one extra-ordinary lecture for this term.

Different subjects of general interest have been discussed in our meetings, as for example, "Quantum Theory," "Photographic Enlargements" and "Radio Broad-casting."

We hope that the members will take more interest in the activities of this society and thus profit by the opportunities given.

The Annamalai University Chemical Society.

President.—Dr. S. N. Chakravarti, D. Phil. (Oxon)

Secretary.—Mr. O. Padmaraju.

Asst. Secretqry.—Mr. N. Vaidyanathan.

Part of the report of the Society for the academic year 1930-'31 appeared in the second number of the Annamalai Nagar Miscellany.

The Valedictory address of the Society was delivered by Acharya Sir P. C. Roy of the Calcutta University on the 13th March '31, when Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan, Vice-Chancellor presided. At that meeting, the annual report for the year 1930-'31, was read by the secretary, Mr. A. P. Sankaran Nair. Then Sir P. C. Roy delivered a lecture "On the History of Chemistry and the Lives of the Great Chemists."

The Chemical Society began this year (1931-32) with a lecture by Mr. N. Ananthavaidyanathan on 'Food'—some aspects." The Society at one of its ordinary meetings passed a resolution thanking Dr. Moudgill, D.Sc., of Trivandrum, for his offer of a prize for the best paper read by a student-member before the Society.

The Annamalai University Malayalee Club.

Patron.—Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganathan, M.A , I.E.S.
President.—Mr. K. Rama Pisharoty, M.A.
Chairman.—Mr. V. Achyuthan Nair (I Term).
Mr. T. Krishnan Kutty Menon (II Term).
Secretary.—Mr. K. Karunakara Menon.
Treasurer.—Mr. A. P. Madhavan Nair, B.A., (Hons.).
Committee Members.—1. Mr. K. K. Kurup, M R. A. S.
2. ,, M. G. Gopalakrishnan.
3. ,, V. K. Damodara Menon.
4. ,, C. P. Damodara Menon.

The Club has at present 78 members on its rolls.

The inaugural address of the Club was delivered by Mr. C. Achutha Menon, Reader in Malayalam, of the Madras University, when Mr. K. Kesavan Nair of the Ernakulam Maharaja's College, presided.

There were held in all, three ordinary meetings in the first term, when interesting subjects, both social and literary, were discussed. One noteworthy fact about the ordinary meetings was that, of the three, two were debates.

More competitions were held and prizes given, on the occasion of the Onam Day, this year than last year, and the members also showed greater enthusiasm in the competitions.

The Club is also getting down a Malayalam daily for the benefit of its members.

The Club has decided to redraft its constitution on a more democratic basis and has appointed a sub-committee to do it. The report of the committee is expected to be submitted in the second term.

The Annamalai University Dramatic Club, 1931-'32.

President.—M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganatham Avl., M.A., I.E.S.

Vice-President.—Mr. C. R. Myleru.

Secretaries.—Mr. K. S. Venkataraman.

,, H. Runganathan.

This year the Dramatic Club put on the boards "Sri Ramdas" on the occasion of the Founder's Day. The performance was a great success and all the actors did well. Special mention must be made, however, of Messrs. C. N. Sadasivayya, C. R. Myleru R. S. Venkatarama Sastri and S. Ramaswamy, who ably sustained the rôles of the Sultan, the Head Clerk, Ramdas and Saraswati respectively.

We are greatly indebted to all those who helped us in various ways to make the function so thoroughly enjoyable.

1st Annamalainagar Rover Crew.

The Crew nominally consists of 35 members, of whom 14 joined this year. These have been divided into 5 patrols.

The Crew meets on all Sunday evenings for the practice of scoutcraft. This is followed by a talk on a general scouting topic like the Group System, the organisation of the Scout Movement, the Cub way etc. The attendance at these meetings has been poor ; but efforts are being made to retain only those, who take an interest in the activities of the crew.

Much interest has been evinced in camping. We have already gone on three week-end-camps and hope to go on two more at least, before the end of the term. The rovers who attended these camps, enjoyed themselves, and are looking forward to more camps.

R. A. SUBRAMANIAN, (IV Hons.)
Scribe.

Bharati Study Circle.

President.—Swamy Vipulanandhaji Avl., B. Sc., (Lond.)

Secretaries.—Mr. C. R. Myleru, B.A. (Hons.)

,, R. A. Subramanian, IV (Hons.)

The Sangam was started only this term with the kind permission of the Vice-Chancellor with a view to popularising the works of the late Sri Subramania Bharathy.

The first meeting of the Sangam took place on the 8th August, at 2 p.m. in the Assembly Hall with Swamy Vipulanandaji, Professor of Tamil, in the chair. Messrs. C. R. Myleru, S. Visvanathan, R. P. Sethu Pillai and R. A. Subramanian addressed the meeting.

In the ordinary meetings subjects such as "Kannan Patal," were discussed.

We trust that this institution will find increasing favour with the members of the University.

The Annamalai University Karnataka Sangha.

The enthusiasm shown by the Karnataka students of the University coupled with the encouragement given by the Vice-Chancellor resulted in the formation of the Sangha on the 24th August 1931, with a constitution as broad as the outlook of the Karnatakas. The membership of the Sangha is open to 'All members of the University who are in active sympathy with the objects of the Sangha,' one of the objects being 'to promote the study and appreciation of Kanada Language and Literature.'

The inaugural address of the Sangha was delivered by M. R. Ry. C. V. Srinivasa Chariar Avargal, B.A., B.L., F. A. U. on 20th October 1931. The Sangha was 'At Home' to M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avargal, M.A., I.E.S , Vice-Chancellor, on his return from the continental tour.

So far the work of the Sangha has been going on well, and it is hoped that it will continue to flourish.

The Office-Bearers of the Sangha :—

President.—M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avargal, M.A., I.E.S., Vice-Chancellor.

Vice-President.—M.R.Ry. A. Narasinga Rao Garu, M.A., L.T., The Dean of Faculty of Science.

Chairman.—Mr. L. R. Subbaroyan.

Secretary.—Mr. K. B. Krishna Rao.

Managing Committee Mr. C. V. Lobo, B.A. (Hons.)

Members.—

„ B. N. Krishnamurthy Sarma, B.A. (Hons.)

„ O. Padmaraju.

„ B. M. Pai.

The Annamalai University Andhra Sangham.

President.—M. R. Ry. S. E. Runganathan Avargal, M.A., I.E.S., Vice-Chancellor.

Vice-President.—Dr. B. V. Narayanaswamy Naidu, M.A , B. Com., Ph.D., Bar-at-Law.

Secretary.—Mr. V. Krishnamurthy.

Bursar.—Mr. N. Venkateswara Rao.

Members of the Managing Committee.— Mr. S. Sreeramamurthy.
,, Abdul Jabbar.

Editor of the Manuscript Magazine.— Mr. M. Koteswara Rao.

Members of the Editorial Board.— Mr. J. V. Somayajulu.
,, P. Narayanachar.

Chairman.—Mr. K. B. Krishna Rao (I Term).
,, O. Padmaraju (II Term).

The Sangham with increased strength is working as vigorously as ever.

The Sangham was 'At Home' to the new members at which Mr. B. V. Narayanaswamy Naidu extended a hearty welcome to the new members.

The inaugural address was delivered by Rao Bahadur P. T. Kumaraswamy Chetty Garu, President, Corporation, Madras, on 15th August 1931.

Two extraordinary meetings were held during the term. At one an address on "Andhra Civilisation and Culture" was delivered by M.R.Ry. M. Venkatarangiah Garu, Reader in History of the Andhra University.

At the other, Dr. B. V. Narayanaswamy Naidu, spoke on "The Present Financial Crisis."

The Sangham accorded a hearty welcome to the president M.R.Ry. S. E. Runganadhan Avargal, M.A., I.E.S., on his return from England and a welcome address was presented to him at an 'At Home' held on 4th September 1931.

We are indeed very thankful to the editor and the members of the editorial board for their prompt publication of the first number of the magazine.

Sports and Athletics.

Students have been evincing a keen and active interest in the more strenuous of Team Games. The games played under the compulsory scheme are now better attended. Cricket, Hockey and Volley-ball have received a great impetus, while Badminton continues to be popular. Basket-ball and Play-ground-ball have evidently won greater allegiance than was hoped for during the last year and attendance at both these games is quite encouraging. A "Tenekoit Club" has also been formed. Boxing has not so far taken deep root in spite of the occasional enthusiasm evinced.

The office bearers for this year are given below :—

Members of the Games Committee.

1.	M.R.Ry.	P. S. Naidu Garu	Member-in-Charge	Foot-ball.
2.	,,	S. P. Ragland Avl.	,,	Hockey.
3.	,,	T. B. I. Matthew Avl.	,,	T. & F. Athletics.
4.	,,	N. S. Subba Rao Garu	,,	Tennis
5.	,,	K. P. K. Menon Avl.	,,	Volley-ball & Play-ground-ball.
6.	,,	C. T. Srinivasan Avl.	,,	Cricket.
7.	,,	T. P. N. Krishna Avl.	,,	Rovering.

Captains.

1. S Sundaramurthy	...	Badminton Club.	
2. R. K. Panikkar	...	Basket-ball	,,
3. M. Runganadhan	...	Cricket	,,
4. V. K. D. Menon (General-Captain).	...	Foot-ball	,,
5. B. Balasundara Menon	...	Hockey	,,
6. R A. Varadarajan	...	Play-ground-ball	,,
7. I. P. Muralidhara Menon	...	Tennis	,,
8. C. P. D. Menon	...	Volley-ball	,,

About 50 matches have been played in the various games. The Cricket Club leads with the largest number, of which three were fixtures with foreign clubs, the M. R. C. (in which the University team creditably forced a draw), the Presidency College and the Bangalore Central College. The Hockey Club comes next with eight. It played two important matches, one with the M. R. C. and the other with Bangalore Central College, winning the former with credit and securing a draw despite great odds in the latter. The Badminton team played eight matches, lost two against the George Club, Chidambaram, and won against the Bangalore Central College team.

The Basket-ball Club has played four informal matches till now, but the general improvement in the standard has not been much to talk of. The Foot-ball Club has not been very active. In the cancellation of the Inter-University Foot-ball fixture at Madras, they have had

a big disappointment. The Play-ground-ball Club and the Volley ball Club have not yet played many matches. The latter has however been having regular and intensive practice and the value of the training was amply shown in the victory achieved in a keenly contested match with the Bangalore Central College team and the draw that was forced with the same team in a second encounter. The matches of the Tennis Club have been more or less in the nature of informal practice.

The more important of the Tournaments conducted by the Association were held during the last term. The Track and Field Athletic Competition was held early in September this year. The University team fared better than in the two previous years in most events but on account of the admitted superiority of Mr. D'Costa and other competitors from the Madras Medical College, the Home Team did not do as well as we could expect.

Here is a brief analysis of a few of the main events of the competition—

Events	Octr. 1930	Septr. 1930
120 yds. H. Hurdles	3rd in event won in 17.7"	...
440 yds. Run	2nd in event won by 57"	3rd in event won in 56.2"
Pole Vault	8' 9" in event won by 9' 0½"	2nd & 3rd with 9' 5" in event won by 9' 11"

Shot Put	27.5$\frac{3}{4}$"	29' 8" in event won by 34' 6"
High Jump	4' 11"	5' 2" in event won by 5' 8"
Hop Step & Jump	36' 7$\frac{1}{4}$"	39.11$\frac{1}{2}$" in event won by 42.10$\frac{1}{2}$"

The winners of this Year's Competition are—

Individual : Annamalai University.

C. Ayyaru	3rd in 220 yds. Hurdles & H. S. & Jump
S. Narayanaswami	2nd in Pole Vault
K. R. Radhakrishnan	3rd ,, ,,
V. Kalyanaraman	3rd in 220 yds. Dash
R. Natarajan	2nd in Mile Run & 3rd in 440 yds. Run
S. Govindarajulu	3rd in Mile Run

Team	*Score*
1. Madras Medical College	First 68 Points
2. Saidapet Teachers' College	18 ,,
3. Annamalai University	15 ,,
4. Findlay College	7 ,,

5. Bishop Heber College—did not compete.

The Inter-collegiate Tennis Singles and Cricket Tournaments for the Rajah of Chettinad Cups were held for the first time this year. In Tennis the Madura Col-

lege (Y. R. Savur) won the first place and the Bishop Heber College, the second. In Cricket the Presidency College won the first place and the University was the runner-up.

One of the main features of the year's fixtures was the series of matches played with the Bangalore Central and Intermediate Colleges in Hockey, Cricket, Tennis Volley-ball and Badminton. A very interesting cricket match was also played by teams mainly composed of the staff of the University and that of the Bangalore College; and in the match the staff put up a plucky fight.

The annual Intramural tournaments of the University will be held during the second and third terms with the help of a special sub-committee composed of representatives of captains and the Games Committee. The Annual Sports may come off sometime at the end of the second term.

The University Social Reform Club.

President.—Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadham, M.A., I.E.S.

Chairman.—Mr. G. V. Pannikar, I Term.

,, V. N. Ramaswamy, II Term.

Secretary.—Mr. A. Raghavachari.

Chairman.—Rural Propaganda Committee, Mr. S. P. Ragland, M.A.

Chairman.—Night School Committee, Mr. C. R. Myleru, B.A. (Hons).

The inaugural address of the Club was delivered by Mrs. Khadye, with Mrs. Runganadhan in the chair. The Club met three times last term to discuss some social problems. This year the Club has enlarged the sphere of its activities in three distinct directions.

Firstly, it has extended its membership to the members of the Lady's Club, and we are grateful to them for accepting our offer and for giving us their support and encouragement on all occasions.

Secondly, rural propaganda work has been done with greater enthusiasm. Members went out on lecturing expeditions to two villages, Kusavanpet and Tiruvekkulam and spoke to the people on sanitation, temperance, and education. At Thiruvekkulam a magic lantern lecture was given on common diseases like Cholera. The

Club is thankful to the Health Officer of Chidambaram Municipality for his help in this new effort.

The inauguration of the night school for the children of the neighbourhood marks another important development in the activities of the Club. From its small funds the children are provided with slates and books and the members take turns to teach them on five days a week. With the support of the University the Club hopes to run the school more efficiently this term.

On his return from his tour in Europe, the Club gave a hearty reception to its President, the Vice-Chancellor. With the terminal dinner, the term's work came to a close.

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